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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS FROM THIS, TO A BETTER COUNTRY.

DELIVERED UNDER THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

CHAP. II.—*Narrates how Pauper pursues his journey—is soon overtaken by Chemos, his old master of swinish memory, who by threatenings, remonstrances, and persuasions urges him, but in vain, to go back;—yet artfully plunges him into a filthy slough.*

But for reasons that need not be mentioned we pass to chapter 3.

CHAP. III.—*Pauper's wonderful deliverance from the slough. Overtaken by Apostolos from whom he receives wholesome instruction; and then is left by him to travel alone. Soon meets a disasterous fall. Is overtaken and assisted by Holdfast, who accompanies him to the mansion-house, on the summit of Mount Initiation.*

But I soon slept again upon my bed, and again saw the same young man struggling in the mire towards that side of the slough, which was nearest the path that led to Mount Initiation. And as he struggled he uttered the most affecting sighs and groans, accompanied with fervent prayer to Him who is able to help, that he would mercifully pardon his sinful conduct in suffering himself to be beguiled from his way into this, his deplorable condition, where he is sinking in deep mire; and that he would graciously afford him needed relief. Thus he continued to struggle, bemoaning his sad case, and earnestly crying for deliverance until his strength was almost exhausted, and suffocation from the stench of the slough ready to seize upon him; when, with great emotion, he vehemently cried—'God be merciful to me a sinner.—Lord! save me; I perish!'

Now I saw in my dream, that while the unhappy and almost despairing youth was pouring out his soul in strong cries to his heavenly Father for deliverance from threatening death, 'a bright cloud overshadowed him' just above his head. And lo! 'the form of a man's hand' suddenly coming from the cloud seized Pauper by the arm, pulled him from 'the miry clay,' and placed his feet on solid ground. Moreover a voice indicative both of mildness and displeasure issued from the cloud—saying, 'Inconsiderate and heedless youth! thy devious steps have, through the subtilty of an arch foe both to God and man, brought thee into a gulf, where thou wouldst have sunk lower than the grave, had not an arm of mercy holden thee up; —raised thee from the miry gulf and set thee in the way wherein thou oughtest to go. Carefully, in future, keep thy feet within its limits, that nothing may harm thee. But should they transgress these limits, 'a worse thing may come unto thee.' And now go on this thy way, as well with caution as in peace.' So I saw the young man 'address himself to his journey.' But covered as he was, with the adhesive mud of the slough, and so weakened in his limbs and enfeebled in his whole frame by his late struggling, he traveled at a slow pace and with faltering steps. I saw, moreover, that his eyes had suffered from the mud of that same slough, insomuch that his sight had become dim, and the road he was travelling seemed somewhat obscure and indistinct. His head also seemed to be disordered, as he frequently pressed it with his hands. In this condition he went forward, and as he went, he often and deeply sighed. At length, 'not able to contain himself,' he broke out with this bitter cry—O, wretched man that I am! But he immediately added, thanks be to God that he hath mercifully delivered me from the hand of him who rose up against me, and from the horrible pit into which I had fallen.

In this manner he pursued his course till he came in full view of Mount Initiation, the beauty and mild splendor of which cheered his drooping spirits, and gave vigor to his enfeebled limbs. Still however, his vision was, in no small degree, confused, and he began to apprehend that he should deviate from the right way. But to avoid this he 'plucked from his bosom' the Directory, which had been given him by his good friend Inspiration, and began carefully to examine the map, on which the way he was to travel, was delineated.

While he was attentively examining this map, as he moved slowly forward he often raised his eyes towards heaven as if earnestly engaged in ejaculatory prayer; sometimes smiting on his breast, and crying 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' 'Make me to go in the way of thy commandments,' and suffer me not to be 'turned aside like a deceitful bow.' Thus he went on, like a man apparently oppressed with a heavy and grevious burden, which he was striving to be rid of. But he had not far advanced, when I saw a man of commanding figure and grave and venerable aspect hastening to overtake him, whose name, was *Apostolos*: this, he quickly did, when, with a voice blending authority with commiseration, he thus accosted him.

A. Young man whither are you directing your course, thus solitary and dejected?

P. To yonder Mount, which lies at a considerable distance directly before us.

A. Who directed you to that Mount?

P. A venerable man, named Inspiration, who told me that I might expect to find good entertainment at the mansion house on the summit of the hill, and directions about my journey to the heavenly country.

A. I am well acquainted with your good friend Inspiration, and know that he bears an appropriate name. I know also that the book he gave you was indited by Him who is faithful and true, and that, if you heedfully follow its directions, you will have a prosperous journey even unto the end.

P. I doubt it not, yet through my imperfect knowledge of the contents of the book, and my own culpable heedlessness, I have already brought myself into difficulties and great perplexity, as you may partly perceive by my unseemly appearance.

A. I perceive, indeed, that you are sadly begrimed with the mud of a slough, which lies some distance in our rear close by the way side; and, is by way of distinction sometimes called Despond. Many pilgrims have through heedlessness, fallen into that mire, and have with difficulty recovered from the injury they have received from the adhesive and debilitating quality of the mud. That slough it has been supposed by many, extends over the whole breadth of the way, which leads directly to Mount Initiation, and that no pilgrim can avoid passing over it. But it is not so. It lies indeed near the way side, yet may easily be avoided by the traveller, who walks circumspectly by taking heed to his steps.

P. Had I been watchful unto prayer, I should have escaped that dangerous and almost suffocating quay. I have, therefore, no cloak for my folly. Unclean! unclean! guilty! guilty! is the confession of my lips, which proceeds I hope, from a broken and contrite heart. And earnestly have I prayed God to forgive me my unguarded steps. O, sir! may I hope to be forgiven?

A. Forgiveness is always granted to the humble and penitent. And I trust that you are forgiven; for 'whoso confesseth, if he forsake his sin, shall have mercy.'

P. Encouraging words, they inspire me with a strong desire to hasten forward.

A. You may need caution, young man, on the subject of speed. Although I would not by any means check, but rather encourage that speed which will, with safety make the greatest progress; yet you are carefully to avoid a hurried and unguarded pace. Let your posture ever be erect, your steps even and firm, and your eyes watchful; lest you stumble and fall, and faint by the way. Duly observing these precautions, you may safely 'run the race that is set before you, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of your faith.' But as Mount Initiation is now in full view, and but a small distance before us, you will no longer need my company and assistance, I must return therefore to the place from whence I came; especially as I expect to find some pilgrims on the road, who may need my assistance. Your path is now plain before you. Nor can you easily miss your way. Remember, however, that as 'it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps,' it becomes you to look to Him who is able to direct them for you.

P. O sir, let me entreat you to accompany me to the mansion on the summit of the Mount, and to use your influence with the benevolent proprietor to grant me admission within its doors. Otherwise, I fear he will reject me: as I am a stranger to him, and as my tattered and soiled garments, together with my repulsive aspect, are far from being 'letters of recommendation.'

A. The proprietor of that building, young man, but little regards the outward appearance of things. It is their internal qualities which serve as recommendatory letters. Besides he has bowels of compassion for all, who are poor and needy, abundant supplies for their relief, and a hand ready to succour them. By his direction you will be conveniently supplied with pure water in which to wash and be clean; with an apparatus to remove from your face your matted and unseemly beard, and with an appropriate change of raiment. Besides he will see that you are supplied with the staff of life, and with a sweet and sanative cordial to strengthen your enfeebled knees and cheer your heart. In a word, you may expect a liberal supply of whatever you need, as well for your inward, as outward man. You will, I am persuaded, find easy access to him, and a welcome reception from him.

P. Are you intimately acquainted with the good man of the house? and do you know that his character is such as you have represented?

A. My acquaintance with him is very intimate; often have I realized his hospitality, and well do I know that the representation I have made of his character, is far from exaggeration. Many are the pilgrims whom I have conducted to his hospitable mansion. And none of them who have made suitable application were ever refused admittance into his house, or a seat at his table. Nor will you, sir, I am persuaded fail of admittance, if you truly desire to be admitted and knock for that purpose. And now, my dear friend, commending you to the protection and guidance of 'Him who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless' at the end of your pilgrimage, 'before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,' I wish you 'a prosperous journey by the will of God.'

Now I saw that Pauper after expressing to his friend, his grateful acknowledgements, went on his way alone, but highly elated with confidence and joy, at the prospect before him. With a light and invigorated step he began to ascend the easy acclivity of the Mount, thoughtless of difficulty or discouragement. He seemed exultingly to say to himself—now I dismiss my fears. There is nothing now to mar my path, or to lead me aside from it. I am but a short distance from the hospitable mansion before me where I shall find a cordial welcome, and a rich and various supply for all my wants. Thus elated, he made an effort, depending on his own feeble strength, to quicken his pace; but not taking heed to his steps, soon deviated from his path, stumbled and fell prostrate to the ground; where for a considerable time he remained bruised and stupefied by the fall. But when so far recovered from his stupefaction, as to be sensible of his sad and painful condition, he uttered a lamentable and earnest cry for help, condemning himself for his heedless confidence, and self dependance. Meantime, such was the confused state of his mind, the dimness of his sight, and his bodily pain, that he imagined himself surrounded by malignant and appalling spectres, who, demon-like, were inflicting wounds upon his body with poisoned weapons; obscuring the atmosphere with their mirky breath; hedging up his way, and deriding him with horrid grins and ghastly distortions of their fiendish aspects. Abashed and alarmed he attempted to rise, that he might put his formidable assailants to flight; but his attempt was unavailing. His strength he found was but weakness. What then should he do? He knew not.

(To be continued.)

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRELATES.—The salaries of the prelates of France and England have, within a few months, been determined by the legislative body of each country. The contrast is remarkable:

Cardinal Archbishop (25,000*f.*)	£1,041 13 4
Archbishop of Paris (the same)	1,041 13 4
French Archbishop (15,000*f.*)	625 0 0
French Bishop (10,000*f.*)	411 13 4
Archbishop of Canterbury	15,000 0 0
York	10,000 0 0
English Bishop	4,500 0 0
Bishop of Durham	7,000 0 0
Total Annual difference	£32,875

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

RETZSCH'S SKETCHES OF SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL.

(Continued.)

[Translated from the German.]

No. 13.

The perils of the north happily past, he makes a pilgrimage to the south. Lost in the contemplation of the glorious scenes of nature, he does not perceive, how near danger threatens, for a robber concealed behind a rock observing him, wakes with light touch his companion, slumbering near him and grasps heedfully, and without noise his rifle. In the mean time, the women riding on asses in the background, as well as the whole landscape, lend to the entire scene a peaceful and safe aspect.

No. 14.

After a period of several years, in which nature has formed the stripling to a robust young man, having returned home, he steps into the peaceful dwelling of his elders, whom he finds quietly employed, sitting familiarly together at the same table, near which in former times his cradle stood by his mother. Overpowered with recollections of his youth arising from the now so narrow seeming room, as also from all known objects before him, and painfully shocked at the sight of the much changed old people, he stands awhile, with soul filled with sadness and love, absorbed in the contemplation of his dear ones; who, perplexed by the tall manly form trouble themselves vainly to know who it is—for, although the mother, by moving the lamp, directs the light upon him, he continues yet a stranger to them.

No. 15.

The son himself finally, overcome with deep emotion, throws aside his cloak and travelling bag, makes himself known, throws himself on his knees before his mother, and covers her hand with kisses, while she, in joyful surprise embraces him, and weeping, sinks on his shoulder; while the father bent over the table, full of desire to press his beloved son to his breast, stretches out his arms towards him.

(I have thought as Schiller by the words, 'having measured the earth with a walking staff, he returns a stranger,' so intimates a long absence from home of the young man, to make this perceptible to the spectator through the designs 12, and 13, so much the more, as every one must perceive that a change is required from the design when he leaves the father's home, to this, when he again returns. Although the poet does not hint at the scene represented by me in No. 15, yet I believe that every one will not only acknowledge its necessity in a series of imaginative designs of this glorious poem, but also feel its effect. M. R.)

No. 16.

Full of joy, the old couple, hasten to show the young man to the next-door friend and his family. Through the same gate, steps now the manly stripling, which led him once so often, when he was a boy to his little neighbor playmate. She it is, who now a blooming maiden, stands before his astonished eyes. Involuntarily he uncovers his head before her—the fair strange vision. The elders introduce the young people to one another. By chance the maiden is employed in the care of the same rose bush, which he presented to her, a little plant when she was a child, and which she in still happy yet quite unconscious inclination to the beloved playmate heedfully tended and preserved. The rose, plucked from the bush, which she carries in her youthful bosom, and her confusion betray to the observer the secret of her young heart.

No. 17.

With a heart full of love, his own confidant, his flute in his hand, alone, lost in himself, glances the stripling leaning on a post, wishfully at the mill, where she dwells, and hears not the noise of the wild companions, in the background formerly attractive. It is evening, as the waxing crescent above the gable of the mill shows.

No. 18.

Kindly she receives, in a more retired spot, where they have often conversed together, from the hand of the beloved, the ornament he sought for her in the meadow.

No. 19.

'The eye sees heaven open
Silent is the heart in bliss.'

No. 20.

'O that eternally green might last
The fair season of youthful love!'

No. 21.

'Now companions quick
Try me the mixture.'

No. 22.

'Lovely in the bride's locks
Plays the maiden garland
When the clear church-bell &c.'

No. 23.

'The husband must forth
Into hostile life;
Must work and strive &c.'

In the earlier sketches, when the stripling measured the world with his walking staff, already are signified occasionally, the perils and hostilities of life. So have I, not to weary the patience of the spectator through representations of more extended perils, which life offers manifold, limited myself to No. 23, of the labors, and activity—so as (according to the poet) to exhibit the blessed result therefrom. In No. 23, he leaves the circle of his family, on an expedition of business, and to seek fortune through a speculation; while No. 25, represents his happy return.

No. 24.

'She teaches the girl
And restrains the boy.'

Although the poet, put after the words 'Then streams hither unlimited treasure,' and describes the management of the housewife, yet for the sake of appearance, as well as also on account of not permitting it to follow so speedily the return of the man of business, I have thought it suitable to place before the following number, the management of the housewife, in the interior of the house.

25. *The Return.*

'Then stream hither unlimited gifts,
Costly treasures fill his storehouses,
The rooms increase, the house is enlarged.'

26. *Challenge of Destiny.*

From the wide looking roof of his house, the opulent proprietor, and happy father of the family, surveys the flourishing condition of his possessions and in a paroxysm of presumptuous security breaks out, his wife opposing, into the criminal words,

'Fast as the earth's foundations,
Against the might of fortune
Stands the splendor of my house!'

stretches out one arm alike commanding and defying towards the tempest, advancing behind the horizon.

In timid misgivings, feeling deeply the defying spirit of these words, and affrighted at them the loving housewife seizes the arm of her husband, and warns him with soft entreaty, against such evil.

No. 27.

But the fateful words are spoken

'With the might of destiny
Can be twisted no eternal bond
And its fortune steps swift.'

Destruction rushes and flies on the wings of the storm. Under his giant steps and struck by the sudden bolt, the rocks burst, trees groan and break down, life rushes headlong to death. 'Out of the clouds, at random, darts the flash,' 'And the elements hate the form of man's hand.' These words of the poet, spoken in another place, apply here. Malicious and hostile, glances down a flame spirit, couched on the clouds, at the premises of the prosperous man, who spoke the guilty words. Fireballs pass in voluntary direction (signified by the remarkable [illegible] their forms) through the air, and carry destruction. An eagle seized with terror, seeks, leaving his eyrie, his safety in rapid flight.

No. 28.

'Pray a pious word.'

(To be Continued.)

TIME.—It is very remarkable, that God, who giveth plenteously to all creatures,—he hath scattered the firmament with stars, as a man sows corn in his fields, in a multitude bigger than the capacities of human order; he hath made so much variety of creatures, and gives us great choice of meats and drinks, although any one of both kinds would have served our needs; and so in all instances of nature,—yet in the distribution of our Time, God seems to be straight-handed; and gives it to us, not as nature gives us rivers, enough to drown us, but drop by drop, minute after minute; so that we never can have two minutes together, but he takes away one when he gives us another. This should teach us to value our time, since God so values it, and by his so small distribution of it, tells us it is the most precious thing we have.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—My intention in writing this article is to benefit myself by impressing more strongly in my memory the facts, and by fixing more persuasively on my heart the inferences drawn from the facts of which I am to write. If any readers receive good, I shall be gratified. I have noticed for a long time, and particularly within the last few months, the careless way in which many of the most interesting and important events of the Bible history, are read by myself and others. From mere familiarity, we hung over some of the most beautiful stories, that were ever written, with complete coldness and indifference; which same stories; could we see them now for the first time, we should peruse with the greatest interest and sympathy. The history of Joseph has engaged my attention of late, and I will confine my remarks to that.

The account of Joseph's life commences with one of those little natural traits which give such an air of reality to all the Bible histories. Jacob loved him more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age. Did Joseph's brothers love him too? Notwithstanding his being younger than they, and possessing so amiable a disposition, as we see afterwards, they from jealousy hated him, so much that they could not even speak peaceably to him, but were were filled at sight of him with cruelly wicked thoughts. And when with all the confiding simplicity of childhood he told them his dreams, they hated him yet more, and at last resolved to kill him. But their intentions were overruled, and they unconsciously became themselves the means of fulfilling those very dreams, which had caused them so much uneasiness. We next see Joseph in Egypt; winning by his faithfulness his master's confidence, and firmly resisting the most alluring temptations. We see him thrown into prison for his fidelity, and immediately conciliating the keeper, and intrusted with the charge of his fellow prisoners. God is with him, and prospers him, even in his severest afflictions. The butler and baker dream, and Joseph is permitted to interpret their dreams, and he fondly hopes that the butler, whose restoration to favor he had predicted, would remember him, and not suffer him to lie in a dungeon, to which he had been unjustly condemned. But no; the butler, in his own prosperity forgot his humble friend, and suffers him to languish in wearisome captivity for many long months. At length Pharoah dreams; and in his confusion and trouble of spirit, sends for his magicians, and wise men. Their wisdom and magic art cannot interpret the dream, and the butler, at length reminded of the faithful attentions and services of Joseph, and of his own ingratitude, with shame confesses his sinful neglect. Joseph is sent for. God is still with him, and enables him to remove the doubts of the monarch. The king, more thankful than his servant had been, at once promotes Joseph to the second place in the realm, in which high station the Hebrew manifests the same faithfulness to duty, which had distinguished him in the dungeon of injustice. The predicted famine comes, and the famishing Egyptians crowd around Joseph, praying for deliverance from death. The inhabitants of the neighboring lands swarm to Egypt for rescue from starvation. Among the comers are the brothers of Joseph. He at once recognizes them, while they little think that in the honored preserver of nations, they see that injured brother, whom they *last* saw dragged into apparently hopeless bondage. But he remembers them, and all his deep wrongs, their envy, jealousy and malignant hatred are vividly presented to his mind. He accuses them of being spies, and as they in defending themselves from the charge, speak of their father and Benjamin, how eagerly does he arrange a plan, to discover the truth of what they had said, and at the same time to rebuke them, and above all to get a sight of his beloved brother, without making himself known. (Here too we see the wisdom of Providence in making adversity a minister to us of good by reminding us forcibly of our sins.) The brothers of Joseph in the midst of their affliction think with deep shame and remorse of their cruelty to him. 'We saw the anguish of his soul, and would not hear him, therefore is this distress come upon us.'

Let us go to Canaan with the brothers, and see how Jacob is affected by their account. When they tell him of their reception by the men of Egypt, and of his promise to release Simeon only on condition of Benjamin's going to Egypt, the venerable old man feels that his calamities are almost beyond endurance, and he exclaims in the anguish of his heart, Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away.

And the famine was sore in the land. Their corn is almost gone, death, as it were, stares at them, but Jacob still hesitates. He would rather perish, than lose Benjamin. The brothers are inexorable—without their young brother they will not go down to Egypt. Jacob at length consents, and as a last resort, takes a little of the best fruits of the land as a present for the man of Egypt. His consent is wrung from him by famine only, and as he gives Benjamin up to his brothers, his heart breaks forth in the exclamation, if I be bereaved, I am bereaved.

We next see the brethren in Egypt with Benjamin. How affectionately does Joseph inquire concerning Jacob. 'Is your father well? the old man of whom you spake, is he yet alive?' Then as he lifted up his eyes, and saw his own, dearly loved brother, he could scarcely restrain his feelings enough to ask the blessing of God on him, but must hasten to his room to weep there. Then were shed the tears of true affection.

We will not pause to consider Joseph's plan to cause his brothers to return, that he might have another interview with his loved Benjamin, nor will we dwell on the filial piety and self-devotion of Judah, so affectingly portrayed in the forty fourth chapter, but will hasten to the scene in which Joseph makes himself known to his brethren. He had with difficulty restrained his feelings in their presence, but when Judah speaks of the grief of the venerable old man, he is overcome, and can disguise himself no longer. He wept aloud, and says, I am Joseph. *Doth* my father yet live? And they were troubled, and could not answer him. Well might they be troubled. What a torrent of mingled sorrow, remorse, joy and surprise must have rushed over their minds. In the mighty man before them, the object of God's favor, they see their own affectionate brother in tears. He makes no reproaches, but forgives, and endeavors to comfort his afflicted brothers. He kissed them all, and wept upon them. Affecting scene! well worthy of being recorded in the Holy Book.

One more is to hear the joyful news. The old man at Canaan, where he lives disconsolate, wailing anxiously for the return of his sons, yet afraid to see them, lest they have another tale of woe, to bring down his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Instead of the death of Benjamin, he hears of the life of Joseph, and he fainted. But when he revived, and hears the words, and sees the present of Joseph, he is satisfied, and exclaims, it is enough, Joseph is alive, I will go and see him before I die. Shall we follow him in imagination, on his journey to Egypt, and shall we attempt to describe the meeting? We may conceive, but can do no more. The father and son met, and wept.

What lesson can we draw from this history, or rather what lesson can we not draw? Is any one suffering from injustice, from cruelty, or from the poisoned arrows of slander and false accusation, let him not repine, but remember Joseph, and like him resolve to do his duty in every situation, trusting in the justice and goodness of God for recompence. Is any father disposed to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, let him remember Jacob, and feel that even if he is brought down in sorrow to the grave, he will arise to an eternity of joy. Is any mother called to resign her Joseph, her Simeon, and at last her Benjamin to the prison-house of the grave, let her not mourn as one without hope, but let her look forward into eternity, and see her loved ones delivered from the dark prison, clothed in garments of light, and standing before the throne of their Heavenly King, praising their Father's goodness.

H. H. J.

Wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness? Go alone on some week-day, borrowing the keys of good master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country Church. Think of the piety that has kneeled there—the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there—the meek pastor—the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.—*Essays of Elia.*

[From the Young Wife.]

THE LOVE OF HOME.

The great apostle of the Gentiles, in his letter to Titus, has condescended to inculcate the idea that a young wife should be keeper at home. But in order to be a keeper at home, she must first learn to love domestic life. Even Paul himself, would not have her stay at home, when she regarded it as a prison.

No small share of domestic felicity hangs on this single point. I never knew a husband very happy whose wife was fond of gadding. Taking it for granted that she rules well her own tongue while abroad—which is far from being uniformly the case—still, she cannot discharge the duties of a wife, much less those of a mother, unless she prefers home to all other places, and is only led abroad from a sense of duty, and not from choice.

The wife of a distinguished senator in Congress, from one of the New England States, assures me that for eleven years of her early matrimonial life, she never went a mile from the place of her residence. I am surprised that her husband—for he was an excellent man—should have permitted this; but so it was. She spoke of it, however, not as a privation but as a pleasure. But there are few females at the present day, who would do this.

On the contrary, a very large share of young wives in the fashionable world seem to tax their ingenuity to the utmost, to devise some plan for keeping away from home. One would think by their countenance, voice and manner, that they regarded the latter as only a kind of necessary evil. And is it not so?

Where is it that the eye brightens, the smile lights up, the tongue becomes flippant, the form erect, and every motion cheerful and graceful? Is it at home? Is it in doing the work of the kitchen? Is it at the wash-tub—at the oven—darning a stocking—mending a coat—making a pudding? Is it in preparing a neat table and table cloth, with a few plain but neat dishes? Is it in covering it with some of nature's simple but choice viands? Is it in preparing the room for the reception of an absent companion? Is it in warming and lighting the apartments at evening, and waiting, with female patience, for his return from his appointed labor? Is it in greeting him with all her heart on his arrival?

Or is all this regarded—and seen by the husband to be regarded—as mere drudgery, from which she would rejoice to be exempted? Is she often found silent at home, with nobody there but her husband, heaving now and then perhaps a sigh, and uttering occasionally an anxious wish? Are her warmest expressions and sweetest tones, her happiest looks and most joyous steps reserved for the party, the concert, the ball, the steamboat excursion, the lecture, the theatre or the exhibition?

It pains me excessively to know, from actual observation, that the latter is the true picture of a portion of our modern female companions. They do not seem to marry with a view to the happiness of domestic life. They appear to regard home—the kitchen, especially—as the grave of all true freedom and enjoyment.

How totally unfit is such a person to become a help-meet to man! How entirely disqualified to discharge the great duties which Providence assigns her in the work of educating herself and others!

If there be among my readers a young wife who has entertained these sentiments, let her consider. It is not too late. She may bring herself to take pleasure in what she now hates. Strong faith or belief in the importance of a thing, and a powerful will to execute what we believe to be right, are almost omnipotent.

Let her consider well the structure of human society. Let her consider well what is the first and most important nursery of thought and affection—the first school for the formation of human character. Let her consider who is the first—nay, the most efficient—of human teachers. Let her remember the power, as well as the influence of maternal love. Let her hearken to the voice of nature, which speaks to her of duty, and points her to the highest happiness. Let her hear the still small voice of conscience, unless that conscience has been most strangely stifled or perverted. Let her hear the voice that speaks from heaven, which prescribes her being's end and aim, her proud prerogative, and her sacred responsibilities, and which assigns her reward.

There are no duties on earth so nearly angelic as those which devolve on woman. Let the young wife then gird herself to the work which is appointed her. Let her resolve to be what she is made to be—a messenger—an angel. Let her take hold of the promises which belong to the faithful wife, and resolve that what she knows to be her duty shall be faithfully pursued. Let her do this, and what is right will soon become agreeable, on the known principles of human nature.

We can never enough admire the simplicity and naturalness of Solomon's description of a good wife—the wise and virtuous mistress of a happy household—delighted with her home, and striving to make her husband and her maidens equally delighted and happy.

'She seeketh wool and flax, &c.'

Abbott, in his 'Path of Peace,' presents some

very striking pictures of home. The following are selected for the sake of the contrast. The first is a home which is unhappy.

'Here is a Christian lady entering her parlor in the morning. She finds that the servant has made some gross blunder in her morning duties. The breakfast table is not properly arranged; the toast, perhaps, is burnt; or tea has been provided instead of coffee. At once she is thrown off her guard. Her peace of mind is all gone. Vexed and irritated, she loads the servant with all that lady-like abuse with which not a few parlors are familiar. When the husband enters, he finds his wife with flushed cheek and clouded brow, and all the enjoyment of the morning meal is gone.'

But now for the other picture.

'The husband sees his wife moving about the house serene and happy. She is faithful in the discharge of all her duties; she will not allow her feelings to be irritated by the annoyances of unfaithful domestics. He passes through the kitchen, and finds that the same religion which makes her cheerful in the parlor, controls her feelings there. The smile is there upon her countenance, and good nature animates her heart. My dear wife, says he, is almost an angel. Oh that I had such control over my feelings as she over hers! Molested as she is, altogether beyond my power of endurance, by the carelessness and unfaithfulness of those whom she employs, she is still always calm, and mild, and happy.

He comes home at night, worn down with the toil of the day, and a cheerful room and a cheerful heart embrace him. His troubled spirit is soothed by the quiet influence which she throws around him.

Perhaps he is naturally a passionate man, and comes home vexed and petulant. But the neat fireside, the pleasant table, the peaceful home, the soothing tones of his wife's voice, calm his perturbed spirit. He feels that home is indeed a blessed retreat from the turmoil of business, and he will not leave it till duty compels him.'

I do not believe one woman in a hundred has any conception of the good which divine Providence, by appointing her to be a help-meet of man, puts it in her power to do. It is not in humanity to resist, wholly, the silent influences of voice, tone, look, step, gait—everything, in one word, which constitutes example—in those whom we love. Happiness begets happiness; and domestic happiness is peculiarly prolific. He must be a brute who does not heed, feel, yield to the force of its heavenly influence, and become thereby modified, improved, adorned, exalted.

If it be asked why I do not particularize more—why I do not dwell at greater length on the methods of imparting this influence—my reply is, that it is not in the forms themselves to accomplish anything, unless there be a quickening spirit to accompany them. But if there be a spirit within—if there be a hearty desire to produce happiness ever pervading the female bosom, it will not fail to find its way forth. Not that the forms are wholly unimportant, for they are not so; but I regard their importance as only secondary.

There is, however, one condition to be complied with by every wife who would induce her husband to love home—which is, that her own cheerfulness and happiness and love, which are ever the chief instruments of human reformation and *trans*formation, be steady and consistent. In vain will she hope to accomplish much who is happy by fits and starts only. Domestic bliss—whatever may be said of other bliss—is not like the agitated ocean, nor yet the perturbed stream. It does not come in the whirlwind, nor in the tornado; but in the gentle ever-fanning breeze, and in the ever-distilling dew of heaven.

The reader who wishes to dwell a moment longer on this most interesting and important topic, may peruse the following extracts from James's Family Monitor. I would only amend it by saying, that he who labors with his pen, or in the shop or factory, is no less delighted with the happy home which this writer so beautifully portrays, than he who labors in the field, under the fierce beams of the sun.

'To ensure, as far as possible, the society of her husband at his own fireside, let the wife be a 'keeper at home,' and do all in her power to render that fireside as attractive as good temper, neatness, and cheerful, affectionate conversation can make it; let her strive to make his own home the soft green on which his heart loves to repose in the sunshine of domestic enjoyment.

O woman! thou knowest the hour when the 'good man of the house,' will return at mid-day, while the sun is bowing down the laborer with the fierceness of his beams, or at evening, when the burden and heat of the day are past;—do not let him, at such a time, when he is weary with exertion, and faint with discouragement, find, upon his coming to his habitation, that the foot which should hasten to meet him is wandering at a distance—that the soft hand which should wipe away the sweat from his brow is knocking at the door of other houses; nor let him find a wilderness where he should enter a garden—confusion where he should see order, or filth that disgusts, where he might hope to behold neatness that delights and attracts.

If this be the case, who can wonder that, in the anguish of disappointment, and in the bitterness of a neglected and heart-broken husband, he turns from his own door for that comfort which he wished to enjoy at home, and that society which he hoped to enjoy in his wife, and puts up with the substitutes for both which he finds in the houses of other men, or in the company of other women.

United to be associates, then, let man and wife be as much in each other's society as possible; and there must be something wrong in domestic life, when they need the aid of balls, routs, plays, and card parties, to relieve them from the tedium produced by home pursuits. I thank God I am a stranger to that taste which leads a man to flee from his own comfortable parlor, and the society of his wife—from the instruction and recreation contained in a well-stored library, or the evening rural walk, when the business of the day is over, to scenes of public enjoyment. To my judgment, the pleasures of home and home society are all that could be desired, are such as never cloy, and need no change, but from one kindred scene to another.

I am sighing and longing, perhaps in vain, for a period when society shall be so elevated and so purified—when the love of knowledge will be so intense, and the habits of life will be so simple—when religion and morality will be so generally diffused, that men's houses will be the seat and circle of their pleasures; when, in the society of an affectionate and intelligent wife, and of well educated children, each will find his greatest earthly delight; and when it will be felt to be no more necessary to quit their own fireside for the ball room or the concert, than it is to go from the well-spread table to the public feast, to satisfy the craving of a healthy appetite. Then it will be no longer imposed upon us to prove that public amusements are improper, for they will be found unnecessary.'

There are two modes of establishing our reputation:—to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will be invariably accompanied by the latter. His calumniation is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can confer upon us, but is also the only service he will perform for nothing.—*Lacon.*

For the Register and Observer.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES.

Dear W——n,—You desire of me a little account of myself—of what I am, what I think, what I feel.

My childhood was reared under the influences of Calvinism. At the Sabbath School I was taught the Assembly's Catechism. I cannot forget those days. I well recollect the benevolent countenances of my Teachers, and the solemnity with which they told their young pupils that we were sinners, and must be born again or we could not go to Heaven. I recollect too the mingled look of still unsatisfied curiosity, and unanalized yet real disappointment, which came over the more thoughtful of my class, whose minds were just beginning to unfold themselves to the intense impressions of religious things. The child does sometimes ask, What am I, what am I going to be? Who is God, and how can I love Him, and be happy? If he be misdirected in these young enquiries, these buddings of a desire for spiritual knowledge, although he himself may not be conscious of the wrong, his whole nature feels it, and will be the sufferer for years.

My youth was maturing under the same instructions. Religion, which as a subject of thought often engaged my attention, and as a subject of feeling, deeply interested my heart, was a mystery to me. It was the fundamental article of my belief that I could not become religious, until I was made so by an extraneous, and special operation. Still I earnestly longed for the 'one thing needful.' I can but allude to the irrepressible desire, the cravings of my heart for a full participation in the religious feeling. But the influences of my creed came over my spirit like an autumnal frost, and sealed up the fountains of emotion. Abused nature did not always remain silent under her injuries. She poured her complaints into my ear with a voice that I should not have disregarded. But the prejudice of Education rendered these monitions powerless on my reason, and convictions. I supposed myself totally depraved; and thus was my earlier youth passed without being permitted to indulge in its proper religious sensibilities.

The works of God were all perverted to me. They were dispossessed of their highest, their religious beauty. When I fished by the river-side, when I rambled in the woods, when my fancy led me to a favorite hill-top that overhangs as lovely a landscape as our Continent embraces, I thought this world was beautiful, I thought it beneficent in its uses, I felt that there was a unison between the scene around me and my own heart. But then I knew that my own nature was cursed, and that the Earth had been cursed, and I supposed that this harmony was depraved, or at least that there was nothing desirable about it, and I did not allow myself to cherish it as much as I wished, nor with that delight which it has since afforded me. I used to repine, almost, that I had not lived with Adam in Paradise, when the Earth was *really* beautiful, and man's nature could properly sympathize with its charms. I used to hope that I might live to see the Millenium, when this double curse would be removed, and men would be restored to the true enjoyment of Nature. I looked up to the stars at night. I supposed that they had not been cursed. While my imagination would be revelling in the idea of their number and distances, my heart would throw itself abroad, and mingle somewhat in spirituality with the Infinite God who made them; I felt something of humility, something of adoration, something of love;—but I had not been converted. Of course my feelings were not Religion. There could be no right harmony between my heart and the unsullied glories of God's handy-work which thronged the firmament.

The Bible had no promises for me, no consolations which I could appropriate. Its light, which sometimes beamed in upon my mind, went speedily out in the darkness of my creed.

At length a Revival came, that long wished for occurrence. Into its scenes of stirring interest and solemn devotion I entered, with that enthusiasm which the subject was adapted to enlist, and which my own nature prompted. I found that which I sought. I was happy in the free exercise of a new heart, and was satisfied in my election being secured.

Choosing the Ministry as my profession for life, I was naturally led to examine the theory of my creed more thoroughly, and to observe its practical exhibitions with greater attention. A habit of reflection increased, the grounds of my own religious character and feelings, would become a subject of close and frequent analysis.

I had long felt, what indeed is apparent to every one, that there were inconsistencies in our public religious instructions. These began to unfold themselves in a more full light. In one part of a sermon the sinner would be told to be active in the work of his salvation, and in another part, he would hear it most explicitly avowed that he could do nothing. He would also be exhorted to be engaged for his salvation, and at the same time be told that his every act and thought were rebellion against God, until the Holy Spirit should convert him. He would be entreated in the language of Scripture to love God with all his heart, and yet be made to believe that in his very constitution, the innermost seat of his affections, he hated God, with a fixed, natural hatred. Election would be preached; and men would writhe under the doctrine—this would be laid to the charge of their implacable hostility to all truth. The preacher in his morning discourse, would prove that men naturally hate every thing good. In the afternoon he would present in the most impassioned language, the love of God and of Christ as a *motive* to induce sinners to exercise their love.

These are specimens of what appeared to be inconsistencies. The list might be continued much farther.

The practical effects of such a system of belief and preaching were, in many instances, but too apparent. I have seen doubt brooding over the soul, with all its harrassments, disquietudes, and gloom. I have seen anxiety intense, troubled, hopeless, pouring itself out in tears and sighs. I have seen despair with its darker horrors, settling upon the countenance, paralizing the heart, and spreading its midnight hues over life itself. I have seen men hastening from the family altar to the Church, from the familiar friend to the Pastor; but obtaining no relief; with natures crushed, and souls sickened, they have gone into life, hopeless men, coldly sceptical, to religious sensibility as lifeless as a rock. I have seen better results than these, and I have seen worse. I do not undertake to describe all that may be witnessed. My notice was directed to a single point,—that these unhappy results were experienced in the case of many who really *wished* to become religious. But their creed interposed a barrier, which their nature, already weakened by the discipline of its instruction, could not surmount. To see men of clear intellect, of warm affections, and high resolves, thus thrown back from the attainment of their great end, viz. a religious character, by a creed the professed object of which was their salvation, was a strange inconsistency that I could not reconcile. It did not satisfy me to be told that it was owing to their depravity; that they were unwilling to submit to the humbling doctrines of the cross. For I heard it from their own lips that they were willing to be anything, to do anything, if they could only become the children of God. And their night-watchings, and fastings by day; their secret praying, so importunate as often to break out in tones that filled the air around, and pierced every heart; their constant attendance on meetings; their fixed and agonized attention to the preacher's words;—spoke a language of sincerity and earnestness, which it was painful to hear, and which the heart of man could not contradict.

I need not go on with this detail. I was led seriously to question if the theory of human nature, as held by the orthodox, was true. The argument, a priori, from the wisdom and benevolence of God, I found adverse to the popular creed. The thought is appalling, that the Deity should have created man, the being that stands out from matter and the brute, the being of free agency, and lofty aspirings, the being for whom this vast Earth, with all its things, animate and inanimate was made, and whom it serves, the being whom God himself links with himself in his great and benevolent designs of Providence and moral government,—that he should have created such a being to hate him; that he should have created him, in the exercise of his noblest faculty, the purest, the choicest, the most valued part of his nature, the power of love and hate, to love only the bad and hateful, and hate only the good and lovely.

I looked into my Bible. On its first page was written, 'and God made man in his own image.' I found the same repeated through a History of four thousand years, and when the inspired record was being made up, and finally fixed for coming generations, St James repeats the same glorious doctrine, Men 'are made after the similitude of God.' I found too at Sinai when the Infinite God made known his will to man, and Nature from her depths and from her stillness broke forth, in sublime and solemn attestation that it was all truth, that there was no error, no delusion, no chicanery, when impressions were made on the universal mind of man which no change of place, no lapse of ages could erase; that to the assembled hosts of Israel, to men, women, and children, to the righteous and the wicked; the great, the simple, the unqualified command was given *to love God with all the heart*; without an intimation, without a whispering that that heart in its own nature was depraved, and that it must be regenerated before it could love.

The Analogy of Nature was replete with arguments. Philosophy and Science are demonstrating what the Scriptures have long ago revealed, that this Earth is 'good;' that Nature, in the complexity of its laws, and infinite variety of its operations, is one unbroken system of beneficial adaptation. Our Physical frame attests the same truth. Our Intellect also is surrounded with its appropriate objects, by which it is ever won to action, and with which it is ever delightfully engaged. The soul we should *infer*, would be fitted to its objects. These are Truth, Religion, God. The Calvinist denies that there is any congruity, any sympathy, any adaptation, here. He says the soul hates what it should love, and only loves what it should hate.

My final appeal was to Consciousness. This was evidence that I could not mistake; evidence not altogether new, which I had always felt, but which I had not rightly interpreted; evidence which while it renders luminous and decisive the other sources of proof, stands preeminently on its own eternal foundations; evidence which converted my fears into lively hopes, and my unbelief into a firm and rational faith.

Yet at this point, I was told, that one who had been converted, could not, from his present consciousness, judge relative to his original nature. But I had too intimately studied my heart, I was too familiar with it from its earliest history, to be disturbed by such a subtilty. The conclusion I could not resist, that it was the *same nature*, now smothered, now misdirected, now repressed by my own sins and follies, which, from my childhood, had been endeavoring to break forth into its proper exercise.

Yours, CLEANTHES.

Steep your sermons in your hearts before you preach them.—*Bp. Felton.*

For the Register and Observer.

'The powerful influence of music on our intellectual faculties, and consequently on our health, has long been ascertained. Impressed with its sublime nature, the ancients gave it a divine origin. This science became the early study of philosophers and physicians. In Egypt certain songs were legally ordained in the education of youth to promote virtue and morality.

In the early ages of Christianity, the power of music in adding to religious solemnity was fully appreciated, and many of the fathers and most distinguished prelates cultivated the auxiliary science. St. Gregory expressly sent over Augustine the monk, with some singers, who entered the city of Canterbury singing a litany in the Gregorian chant, which extended the number of the four tones of St. Ambrose to eight. A school for church music was established at Canterbury; and it was also taught in the Diocese of Durham and Weremouth.'

I quote this from Milligen's Curiosities of Medical Experience, for it is full of instruction to all who take an interest in the prosperity of our churches. Why might not music be made to uphold and extend True Religion, as well as plant it? Why should its aid have been given to virtue and morality in Egypt, and not in our own country? C. F. B.

The true spirit of conversation consists in building on another man's observation; not overturning it. Hence the agreeable man says, 'Apropos of your remark;' and the disagreeable man exclaims, 'I cannot agree with you.'—*Bulwer.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

CONVERSATION IN SCHOOL.

NO. 3.

Pupil. Are not pearls found in shells?

Teacher. They are, and in the mysterious formation of the pearl, there seems to be a subject for the exercise of the imagination. The Elder Pliny supposed it might be formed by a dew drop, which silently descended from heaven, like a liquid pearl; entered the body of the oyster; and assumed the texture, shape, and color of a real pearl.

P. Did other people think the same?

T. The inhabitants of Ceylon and the Brahmins of India held the same opinion.

P. Who was Pliny, and why do you call him elder?

T. He was a Roman naturalist, who lived in the first century of the Christian era. In exploring Mount Vesuvius, he is said to have died of suffocation from venturing too near the crater of that mountain; he is called Elder to distinguish him from his nephew, who was celebrated for writing beautiful letters.

P. Do you think the Bramins really believe pearls to be drops of dew?

T. Perhaps not. In ancient times, people delighted in accounting for any extraordinary phenomenon, they could not understand, by some imaginary circumstance: thus, Pliny, after trying, in vain, to find a natural cause for the appearance of this beautiful gem, invented the story of its being originally a dew drop from heaven. Addison, an elegant English writer, has composed a fable of which the same idea is the subject.

P. I should like very much to hear the fable.

T. I will read it to you. 'A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and, finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: "Alas! what an insignificant creature am I, in this prodigious ocean of waters! my existence is of no concern to the universe! I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of omnipotence." It so happened that an oyster chanced to gape, and swallowed it in the midst of its humble soliloquy. The drop,' says the fable, 'lay a great while, hardening in the shell, till, by degrees, it was ripened into a pearl, which, happening to fall into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is, at present, that famous pearl, which adorns the top of the Persian diadem.'

P. That is beautiful,—may we try to write a fable for our lesson in composition?

T. I shall be glad if you can do so, and take the pearl for your subject.

[*Several pupils attempt to write a fable, and offer their productions.*]

T. These are pretty good recollections of Addison's fable: you should have been more original.

P. I could not think of any thing else, will you write one?

T. About 1838 years ago, a degree of sadness prevailed among the beautiful inhabitants of Paradise, which was caused by the unusual anxiety, observed by them, in the Great Being who was the source of their happiness. A consultation was held as to the best means of alleviating the sorrow which clouded the brow of one they so ardently adored. It may be, said one, that the inhabitants of the earth are causing him this grief, by their perseverance in folly and wickedness; let us go and see if we can do them any good. A few, who were privileged to visit the earth, quickly descended, and found their suspicions realized. They returned fearful, but the precious drops, shed in sorrow for others, were not lost; they dropped into the ocean, and were imbibed by innumerable gaping oysters, in whose shells they became pearls of great price. When the heavenly visitants re-entered paradise, they fell prostrate before their Maker, and besought him to send to the inhabitants of earth, a Saviour; their wishes were complied with, peace and good will were taught on earth; happiness was restored in heaven; and we have this lovely gem, which, from its purity, may be considered as emblematical of the tear of benevolence.

P. If I were now to try to write about the pearl, I should be sure to write just like what I have heard you say; I should not think of any thing else.

T. Then, instead of being an original thinker and writer, you would be a copyist, and would do well to take a subject about which you have not heard or read so much. The Pinna or silk worm of the ocean is an interesting shell fish.

'Firm to the rock the silver cords suspend
The anchor'd Pinna, and his cancer friend.'

P. O, I remember those lines, Rosamond finds them when she is examining Mrs Egerton's Indian cabinet in Miss Edgeworth's tales.

T. You are right—they were composed by Dr Darwin, who wrote a poem entitled 'The Botanic Garden.' The Pinna has an instrument which is quite mechanical; it is a tube, and contains gum, or a substance like gum, which it has the power of protruding and fastening to a rock; he draws back the tube, and a kind of fine silk is made; this adheres so closely to the rock as to require considerable force to separate it. The Sicilians make numerous articles of this silk; nearly a hundred years ago, a pair of stockings was made of the bissus of the pinna, and presented to Pope Benedict 15th; they were so fine as to be enclosed in a small box of the size of a snuff-box.

P. Is the Cancer the friend of the Pinna?

T. How far friendship exists in animals I cannot say; the actions of these fish look very much like it; properly speaking, it is perhaps mutual accommodation. The poor little pinna is a blind, helpless slug, which knows not when danger approaches: being anchored firmly to a rock, it can only leave some loose threads of its bissus to flutter on the surface of the water as a bait for any little foolish fish that goes near. The cancer has no house, but is very quick-sighted, and is able to go abroad in search of food, with which he returns and gives a portion to the pinna in exchange for the safe lodging he receives; can you not think of a moral conclusion to be drawn from this truth?

P. God makes provision for the wants of the meanest creatures he has made, and, if they are blind, he inspires another creature which has quick sight, to compensate to them for the deprivation.

T. Very good; think as justly always, and your learning will be a blessing. The wisdom and justice of God are apparent to all who think with unprejudiced minds, and never permit yourself to doubt, for a moment, that what he has ordered, is wisest and best, because you cannot immediately discover causes for all the effects you may perceive.

P. Is the Pinna a multivalve shell?

T. The Pholas, the Pearl oyster, and Pinna, are bivalve shells; the valves of each are joined together by a hinge, formed of strong substances, neither a part of the shell nor the animal; here is a shell of this kind; you can examine it.

P. I do not see how the parts are fastened when the fish is inside.

T. The teeth of the hinge add greatly to the strength with which the animal can keep the valves close.

P. I see no teeth in this shell.

T. They are there notwithstanding;—look steadily at the hinge inside.

P. O what little beauties! I see two; they fix into the space on the opposite side.

T. You may also see in the concave of the valve a mark where the animal was fastened to the shell; this is called the cicatrix; it is differently shaped, in different shells, and is of use to distinguish the species; the specific distinctions, however, depend upon the number and situation of the teeth: in some hinges, the teeth are not visible, they are then called inarticulate: those with few teeth are articulate, and those with many multiarticulate.

P. I am afraid, now, the difficult part is coming.

T. 'The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them, while sloth and folly shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger, and make the impossibilities they fear.'

ERRATA.—*Conversation No. 2.*

First line of the third remark of the pupil for Professor read *Professor.*

Third teacher's remarks from the last, 9th line, for nourished with water, read *moistened.*

Teacher's last remark but one, last line, for time will not all be employed read *misemployed.*

A HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. O! my friend, I think sometimes, could I recal the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not those 'wanderings with a fair-hair'd maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper, which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust, will come; there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year' be ours. Hereafter, her meek spirit shall not reproach me. O, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! And let no man think himself released from the kind 'charities' of relationship. These shall give him peace at the last. These are the best foundation for every species of benevolence.—*Charles Lamb, Letters.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

Rabbi Judah, the Holy, and Joseph, his son, were walking in the garden in the cool of the day. The venerable sage pointed to a rose, which carefully folded its snow-white leaves before the mantle of darkness was thrown over the fields. 'Why,' said the youth, 'does the rose shut up its beauty, and hang its head at night-fall.'

'It is,' said the sage, 'because its duty for the day is now ended. It hath displayed loveliness; it hath diffused perfume. Now, it seeks for quiet and refreshment. While it was carefully folding its tiny petals, the invisible dew entered its bosom. The evening star saw its own image there; the crimson sky gave it a momentary tinge. To-morrow, the earliest lark will see glittering pearls in the bosom of the flower.'

The boy stood for a moment;—his hands folded,—his closed eyes meekly upraised;—his spirit folded upon itself, holding communion with HIM who dwelleth in the heart.

'Thou hast learned the lesson of Nature,' said the father. Duty when finished deserves repose. The rose folding its leaves upon themselves, hath taught thee to shut the avenues of Sense,—to expand those of the Soul,—rising to the Infinite. The invisible Dew, which nightly quickens the reposing, is the spirit of prayer. None sees its descent,—all notice its action. The unseen prayer of evening will shine a bright jewel at to-morrow's noon.'

T. P.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

DEDICATION AT PEMBROKE.

The new meeting-house recently erected by Rev. Mr Allen's Society in Pembroke, was, on the 18th ultimo, dedicated to the worship of the only living and true God. The services were peculiarly interesting. Introductory prayer and reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr Moore of Duxbury. Prayer of consecration, by Rev Dr Kendall of Plymouth. Sermon, by the pastor of the society. Text, 2d Samuel, xxiv. chap. 24 verse: 'And the king said unto Araunah, nay; but I will surely buy it of thee at a price; neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.' The sermon was excellent; characterised by the author's usual perspicuity and good sense. He dwelt at some length on the occasion which led king David to refuse to accept the present of Araunah. He then gave his flock some good counsel with regard to perpetuating Christian institutions. He would have them depend on themselves, and not on foreign aid, for the support of the gospel ministry. He drew a picture, true to the life, of many small societies which had seceded and built houses of worship, and were depending on others for assistance, in which they were sadly disappointed. He also counselled his people with respect to their punctual attendance on the ministrations of the word. He stated as a well known fact, that a hundred years ago, a woman belonging to that town used to walk nine miles to meeting, and carry a child in her arms; and then remarked, that now the Miss of fourteen must have her chariot and attendant, and the clear shining of the sun; and he farther observed that it would be impossible to predict what would be the state of things a hundred years hence should the remissness in regard to attending public worship increase as it has done the past century.

This is but a very imperfect sketch of the sermon, which was listened to with unabated interest by a numerous assembly. The concluding prayer was offered by Rev. Mr Sewall of Scituate. The singing was performed in excellent taste. Three original hymns were sung; two of which were composed by members of the society, and one by Rev. Mr Sewall.

I must say a word of the beauty and neatness of the edifice now completed and dedicated by this ancient society. The erection of this church is highly creditable to the taste of the members of the parish. They have shown a laudable zeal in surmounting all difficulties, and have prepared for themselves and their posterity a commodious house of worship; thus showing their attachment to long cherished institutions and a desire to transmit them unimpaired to their children.

It should be mentioned to the honor of the ladies of the society, that they have, during the past summer, employed a portion of their time weekly, in order to raise funds to defray the expenses of ornamenting the interior of the church. C. E. I.

Mansfield, Nov. 11th.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 18, 1837.

FROM OUR ODD DRAWER.

THE DAWN—THE NIGHT—AND THE NEW MORNING.

1. *The Dawn.*

In the smooth paths of a pleasant garden a little boy is at play, alone—yet no—for all Nature is with him; companioning; intimate; making sweet music for him to dance to; strewing out before him its inexhaustible museum of playthings and curiosities; kissing him; painting his cheeks: infusing ethereal and lively essence into his whole system; talking with him and listening; and, through her regal minister, the golden-sceptered Sun, bestowing her fullest maternal blessing on his beautiful head. Glossy and elastic ringlets hang in thick and natural clusters from his crown—shining in the sunlight like spiral threads of finest spun glass—fit coronet for the brow of innocence.

The low shrubbery that hedges his way in lines on either side, is higher than his head; and the tall Tiger Lilies stoop to dispense to him their sweet odours, while his face is painted with their yellow dust. Now, he gives chase to the butterfly—not that he would destroy, but because it is on the move, and seems to beckon to him to follow. Anon he flings his blue and tasseled cap at the humming bird, swift and gay of wing and glistening with all beautiful hues, as his own impulsive fancies. And now, with eager curiosity he throws himself upon the soft soil, and digs up the subterraneous cities and palaces of the ants with his tiny wooden sword.

All the while, involuntarily, his impulses sing out in a low and fitful song, that with all its music has no meaning to human ear—for it is not a song of words—but only the spontaneous outpouring of a pure and rapturous life. Perhaps Angels have a key to it—for sure none less than they might hope to interpret the mysteries of the innocent heart. But whether this be true or not—one thing, is not conjecture—we *know* that this soft buzzing of infancy soliloquizing in its play, is most distinctly audible, where the shout and clamor of striving multitudes and warring hosts never reach; and that it mingles most of sweetness in the swelling symphony that rises up everlastingly from nature's choir, and from holy and happy intelligences through illimitable clusters of adoring and rejoicing worlds.

Delight and wonder shine in his roving eye, and on his glowing cheek—and a smile of confidence and reality that has never yet been shadowed by the black wing of one ill-omened doubt, plays on his peaceful brow. All is new and charming to him, as he enters the gateway of life. This is the first summer that he has noticed the beauty of the flowers—and that of which we *speak* so often, he now freshly feels it all. The summer-house at the bottom of the garden appears to him a great way off—and the wall that encloses the paternal estate, to his satisfied soul, embraces all fullness, and seems like the boundaries of being.

His *now* is an eternity—and the pebble that sparkles at his feet is more than the sun to many an older mind.

Occasionally he pauses—as if the spirit of God were gently whispering some message of love to his silent soul—or some celestial vision were flashing across his unruffled mind, like the sudden gleam of a meteor on the mirror of the placid lake.

I almost weep, as I trace his tiny foot-prints on the soft ground—for the thought comes over me that so as I am watching him, some elder brother once took reverent note of me—when *my* angel beheld the face of my Father who is in Heaven, and when my every pulse kept time and tune with the Perfect Will.

Alas! what an image of simplicity and holiness and grace, was marred and buried in the making of the man.

* * * * * *

But now his Father and Mother,—soon missing him when he is absent from their sight—come out, arm in arm, to seek him—and he, clapping his little hands, and uttering a shout of joy as he sees them approaching, darts forward and is soon folded in their loving embrace.

So, thought I, should my soul rush toward the open bosom of its Father! And so, doubtless, do fly to His embrace the myriads on myriads of little children who speed away from

our lonely tabernacles with such cruel haste. Have they not caught a clear glimpse of His radiant smile, and earnestly prayed in spirit 'Let me leave this lower world untried—for be it what it may, my Father, I had rather dwell 'with Thee,'—till God has heard their cry and taken them home?

Then, their being knows no Night. But it is not so with those who stay. And yet I know not whether is to be preferred—to live through the Night to a New Morn—or to have our first Dawn sealed to Immortality.

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—I sometimes wish that we had no *afternoon* service in our city churches, but instead thereof one in the evening.

I am indeed fully aware of all the arguments that are in common use against such a change in the practice of our congregations. I am sensible that good men adduce various and strong reasons against evening meetings. But, nevertheless, I do most earnestly feel that, while the habits of very many families among us are such as at present, the afternoon is a very *unspiritual* time with the majority. They are too sleepy to be much impressed with serious things—too dull and heavy to join with fervor in the worship of Him, whom, it is mockery to approach in prayer, except the soul is awake and clear, and who cannot accept or be pleased with any offering that is not presented in *spirit and in truth.*

But besides the wrong that is done to the solemn occasion and to the Searcher of Hearts—whose throne is in the universe—I am confident that injustice is also not unfrequently done to the *Preacher* from the drowsiness and dullness of those who use the church in the afternoon almost as much—it would seem—for comfort and digestion after a bountiful dinner, as for the hearing of the word and prayer.

Indeed some ludicrous instances of misconception and misinterpretation of afternoon discourses, on the part of such persons as those to whom I have alluded, have come to my ears of late—for instance—it was mentioned in company the other day, as a fact, that a certain minister preached in one of our pulpits against the doctrine of the *immortality of the soul*—because, as it proved, half of his sermon was employed in stating strongly the objections of the infidel to this sublime doctrine—which part was partly heard, while the refutation of the objections fell upon drowsy ears like the lulling murmurs of 'Sleepy Hollow.'

Again—one of our city clergymen—whom I happened to hear at the time—was reported to have preached, the other Sunday against the use of *Steam for the purpose of locomotion*; and to have urged it upon his hearers, as a matter of conscience, to abstain altogether from riding on Rail Roads and sailing in steamboats, because, as he was accused of having said—*the good Providence of God would not take care of those who used these unnatural and unblessed conveyances!!!* Whereas, the fact was, that the minister aforesaid—happening to be called upon by his subject to allude to the awful accidents, of which we are continually hearing, that have arisen from the criminal carelessness and abandoned recklessness of the owners or the masters of steamboats &c.—gave a bold expression of his abhorrence of the habit of *overplying* steam, to the risk of precious lives, and enjoined it, as in his opinion a solemn duty of Christians to frown upon and put down the custom of *racing*, and all the criminal and dangerous practices that are too much allowed on the part of the managers of 'vehicles of passage,' by water and by land; at the same time, distinctly qualifying his remarks, by saying (what a sensible man would never think of repeating) that *incalculable* benefits result to mankind, from steam carriage in its various forms where wisdom and prudence preside at the furnace and at the helm.

This, according to my hearing is the long and short of his remarks. If it were not so—perhaps *you*, Mr Editor, can set me right.

Thus it is. The strong assertions, and the paradoxes are heard—while the *qualifications* and *explanations* are slept over; and those things which when clearly and thoroughly viewed, would appear indisputable and important truths, are misrepresented and turned into ridicule.

I must confess that I have often looked with commiseration upon the Christian Teacher, when I have numbered the nodding heads thinly scattered about a city church in the afternoon, and have felt—with shame be it spoken—the soul-shutting influence of the 'Drowsy God,' stealing irresistably over myself.

I do seriously think that *dinner* should be postponed until after service, by all those with whom a good dinner is counted a substantial and indispensable part of a Sunday's enjoyment, at least in winter when the intermission is so short—or else that the *Service* should take place long enough after the heavy meal, to allow ample time for a sweet '*Siesta*,' and for the soul to recover its energies and be refreshed *at home* after the body's repletion. C.

It is, perhaps, incumbent upon us to express *particular* obligation to the writer of the above communication. But we must be permitted to offer a single objection to his communication, and that is, that in our humble opinion, he does not quite do justice to the *majority* of the members of our city congregations.

To be sure, the pews in our churches are not usually *crowded* in the afternoon; and it must indeed be admitted, that if one chance to let his eyes wander, he may descry, here and there, a disciple looking quite comfortable, and at peace, as if his seat were very easy, and his conscience not at all troublesome;—and it may be a fact, that to a very small portion of the audience, the preacher's trumpet does not give a very distinct and certain sound—(thus much we are not disposed to deny, though we would by no means be so bold as to assert even *this* on our single authority,)—but, that our congregations are *generally* drowsy 'of afternoons,'—that the majority are liable to misconstrue the preacher's words,—that many do not derive from the discourse all the good which it is calculated to impart, and occasionally a little more—these are insinuations to which we are very far from being prepared to yield assent.

He suggests two practical thoughts, which are very important;—one for the priest, and the other for the people. To the priest—the necessity of extreme care to be always explicit in his *qualifications*,—giving line upon line,—*especially in the afternoon*,—if he would be clearly understood, and avoid giving offence. To the people—the duty of making *dinner* subservient to worship.

But it appears to us that he allows dinner to assume a little too much importance, when, for its sake, he would remodel our whole established Sunday's regime. It is obviously a reasonable duty to *feed more sparingly* on that day, when we do not *labor to gather up the manna.* And therefore, we think that he might point out a yet more excellent way than he has proposed, and that is,—by a light and frugal, yet pleasant repast, to keep the body in easy subjection to the soul, from the rising of the Sunday's sun, even unto the going down of the same, and thus be in a condition to taste all the rare and rich delights of worship and communion; to receive sanctifying influences, and all precious gifts from the Spring of felicity, and to soar in spirit, with freer and lighter pinion to the Mount of Vision and Beatitudes

But as our friend rather significantly appeals to ourself, whether he is correct in his statement of facts in one of his anecdotes,—we will frankly answer, that his wonted accuracy has nothing failed him in the present instance; and yet upon a close investigation of the matter, it must be confessed that the clergyman in question was guilty of very great indiscretion, in that *he took for granted*—in the sermon alluded to—much more than he ought to have done—*especially in the afternoon.*

We trust that the subjoined letter of W, which we are permitted to publish, will give entire satisfaction.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

My Dear Brother,—I have just read the Register of to-day containing strictures upon my article in the last (I am so agitated I can scarcely write, my heart beating *audibly.*) I thank you *earnestly* for your kind remarks: you have fully appreciated my motive for writing the obnoxious article. Man cannot prize the Holy Bible more than I do. To me it is the sheet anchor of Morality and Religion: in short the *Book of Life*; of life on Earth—of life in Heaven.

Yet who reads and *understands* it? Do thinking minds direct the force of their talents to its bright pages? Is it not read by one party—and they of the purest,—without the aid of reason, merely for feelings sake—and by another, not at all?

The want of interest in the Bible has been a grievous obstacle in the way of my feeble attempt to spread light. Why is it so little read by thinking, yet imperfectly educated men? This, I believe to be the reason. *They cannot understand it 'unless some one guide them';* and where are such guides? Have our learned clergy done their duty, in furnishing guides to the wandering? where is the commentary upon the Scriptures; nay upon one single book of them all—which you can put into the hands of common people? There are difficulties attending an explanation of the Bible—(in what are there not difficulties?) but for that reason there should be *explanations.* I have seen men—strong minded men, struggling with these difficulties; they pressed them like an incubus, which they could not shake off, and which threatened to stifle the life of God in their souls,—what shall these men do? They have not all the treasures of critical and exegetical wisdom at command; they need some book, which takes human reason as its standing point, and from that point surveys the Bible; clears up the difficulties which it contains, reconciles its contradictions (easily done by the learned—impossible to the ignorant,) shows the relation of part to part, and in one word, sets the whole Bible in the fair, impartial light of Reason, so that men can *understand* what they read.

I wrote, to let the light shine upon *some* of these difficulties; and to show that we were not confounded or disturbed by their existence or by their exposure. They are not the greatest, nay, they are easily accounted for. God knows the rectitude of my intention. I would not shock the feelings of a pious man—I regret exceedingly that *one* has been shocked. Yet I hope it is not in vain. I trusted that some one would be stirred up to think, to write: and, since no one can calculate the orbit of a word, I thought good would come of it, perhaps in a lasting shape.

The clergy themselves may be led to turn their Talents in this direction, and to disseminate a *knowledge* of the Bible—as well as *copies of the work*, among the simple. I thought the *irony* was obvious enough. Yet a 'Lover of the Bible,' is in doubt whether I speak jest or earnest. If I had written an article upon the 'importance of reading the scriptures'—'the advantage of a knowledge of the Book of life'—who would have read it? Too many are sick of such truisms, as they say are commonly uttered under such heads. Why then should a little satire do harm? will it lead men to scoff? I doubt it much. Men are made scoffers, by finding the difficulty, where the Christian says, and by his silence seems to say, there is no difficulty.

Yet after I had sent you the article, I felt some misgivings. I even thought of going to the city for the very purpose of reclaiming it. Yet such misgivings are common with me. I seldom preach a sermon, without fearing for its consequences. I fear lest I have treated the great theme all too poorly—feebly—not set it forth in all the glorious light of Truth, and with the eloquence of the spirit of persuasion. I fear lest some word of false doctrine should be uttered: or something which shall be understood and wrested so as to lead men to offend. In the case of this letter I resisted this constitutional weakness, and even now I cannot say that I am sorry for it. If I have done *wrong* it is with the *best* intention. I am sorry to have given you so much trouble.

Truly, your Christian Brother.

Saturday, Nov. 11th.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

An Extract from this book will be found in another column. It contains many excellent hints for the formation of the character of a good and useful wife. The author's peculiar notions are mingled with very much that all must approve, and that it would be profitable for every mistress of a family to read and remember.

The following poetical tribute to our distinguished Translator, is as beautiful as it is just.

SONNET,

On the completion of Mr Noyes's Translation of the Prophets.

In rural life, by Jordan's fertile bed,
The holy Prophets learned of yore to sing;
The sacred ointment bathed a plough-man's head,
The shepherd boy became the minstrel king.
And he, who to our later ears would bring
The deep, rich fervors of their ancient lays,
Should dwell apart from man's too public ways,
And quaff pure tho'ts from Nature's quiet spring.
Thus hath *he* chose his lot, whom city pride
And college hall might well desire to claim,
With sainted Seers communing side by side,
And freshly honoring their illustrious name.
He hears them in the field at even-tide,
And what their spirit speaks his lucid words proclaim.

E. N. T.

WESTERN MESSENGER.

This is an interesting and valuable number, containing lively and useful articles, under the attractive signatures of a few of the best and most frequent contributors to that popular magazine.

C. P. C. has lavishly scattered upon its pages gems from his treasures of Poetry.

But the best comment upon the number will be found in the following specimens.

'WE SHALL NOT PART.'

We shall not part—no never!
Though mountains rise and rivers roll between,
And each by each unseen,
We shall be near—in heart—in spirit ever.

We shall not part. O no!
Time, distance hide not, nor can ever hide
In future wanderings wide,
Friends such as we have been while here below.

We shall not part—though parting
Be in our thoughts and dreams a painful thing—
Though hours like *these* take wing,
And as they fly, leave the warm tear-drop starting.

We shall not part. The feeling
That love is deep, and it is pain to sever,
Tells us the word *Forever*
Is but a shadow darkly o'er us stealing.

We shall not part. Sweet pleasure!
When we are sundered far from one another,
Then cousin, friend, or brother,
May often write the full heart's gathering treasure.

We shall not part. Though sadness
Hath wrung the heart for *one* already parted,
We are not broken-hearted;
That one is *here*, a spirit of joy and gladness.

We shall not part—No, even
In this rough world our meetings may be oft;
But O, how clear, how soft
That voice—'We may forever meet in Heaven.'

C. P. C.

AUGUST 4, 1837.

HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED THE MIGHTY GOD &c.

We recommend to all who have doubts concerning the text, Isaiah ix: 6—'For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,' to read the following lucid and able exposition of it.

This passage is generally considered the most conclusive of all, in the Old Testament, in favor of the Supreme Deity of Christ. Except the first Chapter of John there is no other passage in the whole Bible so confidently relied upon. I will make two or three remarks upon it by which you may understand my reasons for a different interpretation.

1. At the time of Christ's coming and for a long time previous, this passage was understood by the Jews as referring to the promised Messiah, *yet they never believed or suspected it to teach that when he came he would be one and the same with Jehovah.* This fact is of the utmost importance to the proper understanding of the passage. For although we are not required to measure our ideas of the Messiah by the expectations of the Jews concerning him, yet we must concede that they understood their own language, and if they interpreted the passage in question consistently with their views of the Messiah, the 'Orthodox' translation of it is probably erroneous. The Jewish Rabbins certainly did not understand Isaiah as calling the Messiah 'the mighty God,' according to the Trinitarian idea. They do not seem to have discovered in his language anything more than was properly applicable to such a Messiah as they looked for, a highly exalted being, the Anointed Messenger of God. This remark is confirmed by the Septuagint translation of the passage. This was made* about 170 years before Christ; it is not literal but very free, giving the meaning of the Hebrew as understood by the translators. In this translation the names 'Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,' are all paraphrased by the single title, 'Megales boules aggelos,' an angel, or Messenger of great counsel. Now I repeat that this fact is of the greatest importance, except you assert that the translaters of King James were better acquainted with Hebrew than the Jews themselves; and it is conclusive in proving that the passage under remark does not necessarily teach the Orthodox doctrine.

2. The above remarks will prepare you for what I say next; that the Hebrew original is not well translated in our English version. Instead of the words, 'the mighty God,' ought to be, mighty, strong, or 'mighty potentate.' No Hebrew Scholar will pretend that this alteration is unauthorized, or that it is less true to the original than the common version. In fact, it is more true. The word translated 'God,' means 'Strong,' and although often used as a name of God, is by no means exclusively applied to him; just as we use the words 'wise' and 'good,' sometimes as names of the All-wise and Good, but generally in a less comprehensive sense. Again, the Hebrew has not the article 'The,' which appears in the common version, and serves to give intensity to the following words, and therefore, if you retain the word 'God, it will be, 'a mighty God' which does not indicate supremacy, for Moses was called 'a God to Aaron. These changes, or either one of them, remove the chief difficulty from the passage. I do not give them doubtingly; for if I know any thing of Hebrew, or can rely upon those who are accounted the best Hebrew scholars of the day, they are fully authorized.

As to the phrase 'Everlasting Father,' I can understand it in a subordinate sense, and find no insuperable difficulty in it; but I prefer to read instead of it, 'Father of ages,' which is the literal translation of the Hebrew. But this phrase, which need not perplex the Unitarian, is not so easily disposed of by the Trinitarian, for I remark—

3dly. That the Trinitarian, by attempting to apply these words to Christ, taking them, as he must, in their highest sense, thereby destroys the Personal distinction between the Father and the Son. According to the Trinitarian creed, Christ cannot be called 'the Everlasting *Father*,' he is the Eternal *Son*, and if *this distinction* of *names* is confounded, there is no distinction whatever left. The creeds say, that 'the Father is God, and the Son is God, and that they are the same God,' but never that the Father is the Son, or that the Son is the Father; for this would be saying not only that the Father and the Son are one Being, but that they are also one *Person*, which every Trinitarian would deny as absurd and unscriptural. The phrase in question therefore, as applied to Christ, so far from giving an argument to the Trinitarian, throws a difficulty in his way; he, even more than the Unitarian, is compelled to seek for some *subordinate* sense, in which the words are applicable to Christ without confounding the distinction between the Son and the Father, upon which the whole doctrine of the Trinity depends.

Thus, I think, it appears that the text now examined cannot be used as a *Proof text* by the 'Orthodox.' When properly translated, it teaches nothing decisive in their favor. W. G. E.

* The Septuagint version was not all made at the same time nor by the same hands, the Pentateuch was translated B. C. 285, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus; the Prophets, B. C. 170, after the persecutions under Antiochus Epiphanes.

WILD FLOWERS, by a Lady—A very entertaining and instructive book, containing eight Tales for young persons, generally well told and having excellent morals—for sale at Weeks, Jordan & Co's.

We have received several valuable communications in prose and poetry, which are necessarily deferred.

It gives us pain to find that several and quite important misprints occurred in the last Register—e. g.—in the article by a 'Lover of the Bible'—*wrong* for *irony.* &c. &c.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

An Auxiliary Association has been formed in Grafton, Mass. of which Col. Charles Brigham, Jr. is Agent.

The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association acknowledges the receipt of Thirty Dollars from a Sewing Society of young Ladies in Providence, R. I. to constitute Mrs Hall, wife of the Rev. E. B. Hall, a life member of the American Unitarian Association.

Also, Thirty-Seven Dollars from Mr Miles' Society at Lowell, through the hands of Rev. H. Ware, Jr. D. D.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The Lecture for Tuesday evening next will be delivered by Professor Henry Ware, Jr. at seven o'clock—Subject—*Poetry of Mathematics.*

Tickets may be had at the door.

OBITUARY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

MR ELIAB STONE BREWER.

'The loved, the lost, we name him but to pay
Fond mem'ry's tribute to departed worth.'

Died in Fort Gaines, Geo. on the 23d of October, after a painful and protracted sickness, Mr Eliab Stone Brewer, in the 30th year of his age, formerly merchant in this city.

When the grave closes over the lifeless forms of those we hold most dear on earth, there still remains to the survivors the sad and melancholy consolation of dwelling upon the memory of their virtues. In accordance with a custom, mourful and gratifying, at once to the feelings of the afflicted, it becomes our painful but pleasing duty, to pay a passing tribute of respect and affection to the memory of one whom we shall no longer meet with on earth. To such as were familiar with the many prominent virtues of the late Mr Brewer, it may seem superfluous to recount them. In such as knew him not, such an enumeration may excite no interest. We cannot but think, however, that his many friends who now mourn his loss, cannot fail of being gratified by being reminded that he whose untimely departure we are called upon to deplore, was a dutiful and faithful son, a kind and affectionate brother and a warm-hearted and devoted friend. Generous almost to a fault, benevolent, even to the injury of his own interest, more mindful of the wants and necessities of others than of his own, always ready and able to afford consolation to those that were afflicted, always happy to share and to add to the felicity of those that rejoiced, always cheerful and affable to those that surrounded him in whatever class of society, none knew him but to love him. And while we must remember that his many excellencies were not untinged with the necessary failings of humanity, we have still the satisfaction of knowing that even his errors leaned to virtue's side. But while with poignant and unfeigned grief we bewail his early and unexpected departure, it were selfish in us to wish to call him back—to wish to recall him after a short but anxious life, from that happiness which, we hope, he now finds in heaven. And if for the sake of his young and blooming bride, or of his orphan child, or of his almost heart-broken parents we may be tempted to wish that his time of probation on earth had been longer, we should be willing cheerfully to abide by the decision of him who knoweth better what is good for us than we know for ourselves.

INTELLIGENCE.

Vocal Music in the Common Schools.—At the meeting of the School Committee, on Tuesday last, the Committee, notwithstanding the dissensions in the Common Council, voted, *unanimously*, that the experiment of introducing instruction in vocal music into the public schools should be tried. The other resolutions, previously adopted by the board, were modified. One school instead of four was taken for the experiment, the Hawes school for girls and boys at South Boston. The Academy of Music has nothing to do with it. The experiment will be tried under the direction of the School Committee. The instruction will be given by Mr Lowell Mason, who has great practical acquaintance with the subject.—*Courier.*

Stonington Railroad.—On Friday last, a large number of gentlemen were invited from this city, New York and elsewhere, to be present at the gratifying ceremony of opening the New York, Providence and Boston Rail Road, leading from Providence to Stonington, a distance of forty seven miles. By the opening of this road, the rail road travel is extended from Boston to Stonington, a distance of nearly ninety miles, and nearly half the distance to New York—the residue of the distance, to be performed by steam navigation, being within the shelter of Long Island, and not open to the heavy swell of the ocean. We congratulate the proprietors of this great work on its completion. It will shorten the time in which the passage may be performed between New York and Boston, besides cutting off the exposed parts of the steam voyage, in going round Point Judith. We hope to see this road connected with a line of safe and regular boats.—*Daily Advertiser.*

Indian Chiefs.—St. Louis, Oct. 30. Thirty-five Indian chiefs, under the direction of Major John Dougherty, arrived in this city on Saturday evening and continued their journey to Washington city last evening.

The party consists of deputations from the Pawnee, Picts, Pawnee, Loups, and Pawnee Republicans of the Pawnee nation, the Omahas, Ottoes, and Missouris. We have seldom seen a finer looking set of men, with intelligent countenances, and fine athletic forms. Dressed in the native wild costumss of their different tribes, they, (during their periginations through the city, no doubt wondering, though Indians generally hold it effeminate to express surprise) presented quite a picturesque appearance.

We learn from Major Dougherty that the object of taking these Indians to Washington city is to afford them an opportunity of witnessing the strength power and population of the United States, and giving their Great Father, the President, an opportunity to impress upon their minds the necessity of their enforcing, if possible, a strict neutrality among the various tribes, and peace with all nations.—Bulletin.

There was a riot at Montreal, on the 6th instant, which for a time threatened to be serious. Bands of men, belonging to the two political parties, turned out in great numbers, and some acts of violence were committed. The riot act was read, and the royal regiment was ordered out, supported by the artillery, but the disturbance was quelled without the interference of the military, and before their appearance.

Public Education in Holland. The official report made by the government to the States General, in their last session, gives the following particulars of the state of public instruction in 1835. The report is very satisfactory. In the universities there were 1527 students, (fewer by 70 than in 1834) 771 were at Leyden, 491 at Utrecht, and 265 at Groningen. The report speaks in high terms of the conduct and application of the students. The number of scholars in the Latin schools in 1835, was 1255. The primary schools are the object of especial solicitude of the government. In 1835, there were 2832 primary schools, with 304,554 scholars.

The Exploring Expedition. We understand, says the Mercantile Journal, that all the members of the scientific corps attached to the Southern Exploring Expedition, have been assembled in N. York by order of the Secretary of the Navy, and reported for duty to the Commander. The various branches of science have been assigned in the following manner. Alfred Agate of New York, Botanical Draftsman; Reynell Coates of Philadelphia, Comparative Anatomy and Helminthology; Joseph P. Conthouy of Boston, Actinology, Conchology and Malacology. James D. Dana of New Haven, Geology and Mineralogy; E. H. Darley of Philadelphia, Zoological Draftsman, particularly in reference to the various races of man; J. Drayton of Philadelphia, Zoological draftsman [for the inferior animals;] James Eights of Albany N. Y. Palxontology, or organic remains; Asa Gray of New York, and Wm. Rich of Washington, D. C. Botany; Horatio E. Hale of Boston, Philology; Raphael Hoyle of New York, Landscape Painting; Walter R. Johnson of Philadelphia, Meteorology and its collateral branches; Titian R. Peale of Philadelphia, Ornithology; Charles Pickering of Philadelphia, Icthyology and Erpetology; John W. Randall of Boston, Crustaceology and Entomology. The Departments of Mammalogy and Ethnography it is believed have not yet been assigned. Those of Astronomy, Hydrography and Topography will probably be committed to the charge of some of the naval Officers accompanying the expedition. Besides the above, the following have been appointed as assistants. Wm. B. McMurtrie of Philadelphia, Assistant Zoological draftsman; Mr McGurgan of Philadelphia, as Taxidermist; Mr Snyder as Instrument maker. We are much gratified to learn that the scientific corps has been organized as a strictly temperance body. The members have thus voluntarily assumed a noble position, which will doubtless tend to contribute much to the success of this great national enterprise. It imparts a moral as well as an intellectual dignity to that body—and presages the most happy results. The Expedition will probably sail by the first week in December—and the best wishes of the American people will attend them.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr William Waterhouse to Mis Laura Ann Robbins.

On Sunday, by Rev. Mr Robbins, Mr James E. Foster to Miss Harriet Winslow.

In Templeton, 9th inst. Joseph C. Batchelder, M. D. of Topsfield, to Miss Anna Wellington, daughter of Rev. Charles Wellington.

In Kingston, by Rev. Mr Sweet, Mr Horace Holmes to Miss Ann Gurly Bradford, youngest daughter of Capt. Ellis Bradford, all of Kingston.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Saturday last, Miss Rebeca A. Lillie, daughter of Mr Thomas Lillie, 32.

In this city, on the 14th inst. Mrs E. Lakin, 64.

On Sunday, Lucy Helen, daughter of Mr Andrew Abbot, 2. Miss Eliza Ann Raymond, 19. Mary Clay, daughter of Wm. Gray Esq. 26 months.

In Charlestown; Mary Abby, daughter of Dea. J. Fosdick, 3 years; 9th inst. John W. son of Mr Jepthah Delano, 4 years.

In Milton, 2d inst. Mrs Mary, widow of the late Mr Benjamin Wadsworth, 69.

In Providence, on Monday last, widow Mary Fletcher, daughter of the late Joseph Snelling, of this city, in the 73d year of her age.

In Templeton, Oct. 25th, Mr Thomas G. Waite, 30.

In Andover, Mr John L. Abbot, 80.

In Concord, N. H. 1st inst. Capt. Joseph Farnum, 97. He was the oldest person in that town, and a son of one of the first settlers; he bore arms in the French and Revolutionary wars.

In Montreal, David Ross, Esq. senior king's counsel, and Father of the Montreal bar, 67.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

HAVING a larger circulation than any other periodical in America. A Colored Plate of the Latest Fashions in every number

It was with sincere pleasure that the publishers mentioned, last season, the arrangement by which the Lady's Book and Ladies' American Magazine were united and to be edited by Mrs S. J. HALE. It is with equal pleasure that they now inform the patrons of the work that arrangements have been made with Miss LESLIE, author of Pencil Sketches, Mrs Washington Potts, &c. &c. who will be connected with Mrs Hale in lending interest to the pages of the Lady's Book. Her powerful aid will commence with the January number, 1838. In addition to the above, every number of the work will contain a Plate of superbly Colored Fashions. From among the many Female Writers of America, perhaps no two Ladies could have been selected whose varied talents are so well calculated to adorn a work like the Lady's Book. When it is also mentioned that Mrs Sigourney, the Hemans of America, and Grenville Mellen, are contributors in the Poetical Department, it will be useless to waste argument in endeavoring to show what is apparent, that the Ladies Book will stand unrivalled among the periodicals of the country.

Each number also contains two pages of Fashionable Music—in many cases original

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Mrs S. J. Hale, Editor,	R. S. Mackenzie, L. L.D.
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A class of Young Gentlemen, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, to commence on Wednesday, the 15th inst.

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Calls will be attended to daily, from 1 to 2 o'clock, at the office of Mr G. F. Thayer, Chauncey Hall.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Boston, November, 1837.

** Parents to whom the advertiser is not personally known, are referred to the following individuals: Rev. Dr William E. Channing, Rev. Dr Henry Ware, Jr. Rev. John Pierpont, Abbott Lawrence, Benjamin Guild, B. A. Gould, S. P. Miles, G. B. Emerson, Ebenezer Bailey, G. F. Thayer, Esq'rs. 3t

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WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Bo

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

LINES ON MOUNT AUBURN.

BY CHARLES WARREN.

"What seek ye in this silent spot,
From whence all earthly joys are fled?
Thy friends or kindred? know ye not
They are to thee forever dead!

The marble tablet pale and cold,
Bears the stern record of their doom,
'They lived, they died:' the story's told,
Their ashes lay within the tomb.

The sum of human joys and woes,
How brightly does the the tablet tell;
They blossomed like the Summer's rose,
And like the Autumn's leaf they fell.

In Auburn's consecrated grove,
Where classic footsteps erst did stray,
Let none but pious pilgrims rove,
Their tributary tear to pay.

Let those whose hearts and minds are pure
And free from sordid passion's stain,
Approach the spot where sleep secure,
The friends they hope to meet again.

They are not dead! they do but sleep,
Peaceful beneath the hallowed shade,
While guardian Angels vigils keep,
To watch the place where they are laid.

Let virtuous fame, to honor known,
To kindred fame a tribute bear,
While humble worth shall find its own,
Reposing 'neath the verdure there.

They are not dead! and ye have erred,
Who in your sorrow this believed:
How can they die, who have the word
Of immortality received?

How still they rest! but yet the ear
May hear a voice come from the urn,
And eyes, than mortal sense more clear,
May immaterial forms discern—

Visions of loved ones, flitting round
To catch affection's heaving sigh,
Voices, that with melodious sound,
Are floating with the breezes by.

They tell thee, when this mortal strife
Is o'er, there is a second birth,
Of spirits bursting into life,
Freed from their tenements of Earth.

Circled in close communion, where
Seraphic being is *to will*,
They learn how those assembled there,
Their offices of love fulfill.

Their union is consummate quite;
But still identified each face,
Blended, like rays of heavenly light,—
Distinct, each outline fair to trace.

Not the deep consciousness of bliss,
Completes their happiness alone,
But sympathetic too in this,
In others' joy they find their own.

Auburn! in Nature's charms arrayed,
By pious hands with skill adorned,
Within thy bosom gently laid
The loved, the honored, and the mourned,

Thy soothing influence impart,
To those who seek thy calm recess,
To touch, but not to sink the heart,
To soften it, but not depress:

To give to holier feelings birth,
Than those which have a mortal leaven,
To raise the drooping soul from Earth,
And wing it on its way to Heaven.

Then freshly may the flowers wave,
And ever green the verdure spread,
About the borders of the grave,
Within this Garden of the Dead!

And while in seeming converse there
With those who have but 'gone before,'
Death shall a stingless weapon bear,
And boast his victories no more.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

COMMUNION HYMN.

The hallowed moon returns again
Faith's gazing eye to greet.
Oh! let not sin our spirits stain,
As round the board we meet;—
But may our hearts, from earth set free,
Aspire, Eternal One! to thee.

God! let us bow in fervent prayer,
Around thy sacred throne;
And, as we cast on thee our care,
Worship thy name alone.
And let remembered love impart
A glow of Heaven to every heart.

Here, may we gather strength and might,
Life's trial-way to tread;
And may thy spirit's guiding light,—
Faith's beaming ray be shed:
So may the holier path be pressed,
Which leads to thee, and heaven's sweet rest.

Bridgewater. Y. L. E.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A VISION.

I lay in a green meadow,
A quiet brook ran by:
Cooled by the pine's soft shadow,
Sleep sealed my weary eye.
I dreamed of Hope and Duty,
Of all the fairest things,
Of Virtue, Love and Beauty,
Which this world never brings.

But, Lo! The wave is cleaving;
—There comes a maiden fair,
A snow-white fillet weaving
Her shining golden hair.
Ah! in her eye reposes,
The Heavens' most tranquil blue,
And on her cheek the roses
Have shed their choicest hue.

Her beauteous lips are gleaming;
The silent pearls address
To me, as I lay dreaming,
Soft words of tenderness.
At once I felt immortal,
With such a Seraph by:
Standing at Heaven's portal,
Oh, who so blest as I!

I rise, my arms extending:
But, ah, she seems to fly:
Her form in mist is blending,
And fainter is her eye.
Upon my soul she gazes,
As words of Hope to say:
Her hand to Heaven she raises,
Then—slowly, fades away.

'Twas not a mere delusion,
Which vanishes with sleep:
It was a deep infusion
Of spirit calm and deep.
And now, whenever danger
Confronts me in my way,
Returns this lovely stranger,
Her word of Hope to say. T. P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FEW PLEASANT EXTRACTS FROM 'BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU, BY AN OLD MAN.'

CIVILITY.

For instance, on the continent, every child, almost before he learns his alphabet, before he is able even to crack a whip, is taught what is termed in Europe civility; a trifling example of which I witnessed this very morning. At nearly a league from Langen-Schwalbach, I walked up to a little boy who was flying a kite on the top of a hill, in the middle of a field of oat stubble. I said not a word to the child—scarcely looked at him—but as soon as I got close to him, the little village clod, who had never breathed anything thicker than his own mountain air, actually almost lost string, kite, and all, in an effort quite irresistible which he made to bow to me, and take off his hat. Again, in the middle of the forest, I saw the other day three laboring boys laughing together, each of their mouths being, if possible, wider open than the others; however, as they separated, off went their caps, and they really took leave of each other in the very same sort of manner with which I yesterday saw the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg return a bow to a common postilion.

THE STOMACH.

It is the solitary quality of strengthening the stomach which has made the water cure almost every possible disorder of body and mind: for though people with an ankle resting on a knee sometimes mysteriously point to their toes, and sometimes as solemnly lay their hands upon their foreheads, yet I rather believe that almost every malady to which the human frame is subject, is either by highways or byways connected with the stomach; and I must own I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously counting the pulse of a plethoric patient, or with a silver spoon on his tongue, importantly looking down his red inflamed gullet, (so properly termed by Johnson 'the meat-pipe,') but I feel a desire to exclaim, 'Why not tell the poor gentleman at once—Sir! you've eaten too much, you've drunk too much, and you've not taken exercise enough!' That these are the main causes of almost every one's illness, there can be no greater proof, than that those savage nations which live actively and temperately have only one great disorder—death. The human frame was not created imperfect—it is we ourselves who have made it so; there exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs, and it is because they groan under the weight so cruelly imposed upon them, that we see people driving them before them in herds to drink at one little brunnen.

PLEA FOR PIGS.

There exists perhaps in creation no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than a pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for, and analyzing, his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.

While his faculties are still his own, only observe how, with a bark or snort, he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye: but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally most eagerly, or as we accuse him, most greedily, greets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep, which lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and—dies!

It is probably from abhorring this picture, that I know of nothing which is more distressing to me than to witness an indolent man eating his own home-fed pork.

There is something so horridly similar between the life of the human being and that of his victim—their notions on all subjects are so unnaturally contracted—there is such a melancholy resemblance between the strutting residence in the village, and the stalking confinement of the sty—between the sound of the dinner-bell and the rattling of the pail—between snoring in an arm-chair and grunting in clean straw—that, when I contrast the 'pig's countenance' in the dish with that of his lord and master, who, with outstretched elbows, sits leaning over it, I own I always feel it is so hard the one should have killed the other—in short, there is a sort of 'Tu quoque, Brute!' moral in the picture, which to my mind is most painfully distressing.

THE CHURCHYARD AND FASHION.

The churchyard continues in the valley to be the only Christian receptacle for the dead; and within its narrow limits, Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists end their wordly differences by soundly sleeping together, side by side. Here and there a tree is seen standing at the head of a Protestant's grave; but, though the twig was exclusively planted there, yet its branches, like knowledge, have gradually extended themselves, until they now wave and droop alike over those who, thus joined in death, had, nevertheless, lived in paltry opposition to each other. The rank grass also grows with equal luxuriance over all, as if the turf, like the trees, was anxious to level all human animosities, and to become the winding sheet or covering of Christian fraternities which ought never to have disputed.

In various parts of the cemetery I observed several worn out, wooden, triangular monuments on the totter; while others were lying prostrate on the grass—the 'hic jacet' being exactly as applicable to each of themselves as to the departed being, whose life and death they had vainly presumed to commemorate. Although the inscriptions recorded by these frail historians were scarcely legible, yet roses and annual flowers, blooming on the grave, plainly showed that there was still in existence some friendly hand, some foot, some heart, that moved with kindly recollection towards the dead. Upon several recent graves of children there were placed, instead of tombstones, the wreaths of artificial flowers, which, during their funeral, had either rested upon the coffin, or had been carried in the hands of parents and friends. The sun and rain—the wind and storm—had blanched the artificial bloom from the red roses, and, of course, had sullied the purity of the white ones; yet this worthless finery, lying upon the newly-moved earth, had probably witnessed unaffected feelings, to which the cold, white marble monument is often a stranger. The little heap of perishable wreaths, so lightly piled one upon the other, was the act, the tribute, the effusion of the moment; it was all the mother had had to record her feelings; it was what she had left behind her, as she tore herself away; and though it could not, I own, be compared to a monument sculptured by an artist, yet, resting above the coffin, it had one intrinsic value—at least, it had been left there by a friend!

At one corner of the churchyard, there was a grave which was only just completed. The living laborers had retired from it; the dead tenant had not arrived; but the moment I looked into it, I could not help feeling how any one of our body-snatchers would have rubbed his rough hands, and what rude raptures he would have enjoyed, at observing that the lid of the coffin would be deposited scarcely a foot and a half below the sod. However, in the little duchy of Nassau, human corpses have not yet become coin current in the realm; and whatever may be a man's troubles during his life, at Langen-Schwalbach he may truly say he will, at least, find rest in the grave.

I know it is very wrong—I know that one is always blamed for bringing before the mind of wealthy people any truth which is at all disagreeable to them; yet on the brink of this grave I could not help feeling how very much one ought to detest the polite Paris and London fashion of smartening up us old people with the teeth and hair of the dead! It always seems to me so unfair, for us who have had our day—who have ourselves been young—to attempt, when we grow old, to deprive the rising generation of the advantage of that contrast which so naturally enhances their beauties. The spring of life, to be justly appreciated and admired, requires to be compared with the snow and storms of winter, and if by chicanery you hide the latter, the sunshine of the former loses a great portion of its beauty. In naked, savage life, there exists no picture on which I have so repeatedly gazed with calm pleasure, as that of the daughter supporting the trembling dilapidated fabric of the being to whom she owes her birth; indeed, it is as impossible for man to withhold the respect and pity which is due to age whenever it is seen laboring under its real infirmities, as it is for him to contain his admiration of the natural loveliness of youth. The parent and child, thus contrasted, render to each other services of which both appear to be insensible; for the mother does not seem aware how the shattered outlines of her faded frame heighten the robust, blooming beauties of her child, who, in her turn, seems equally unconscious how beautifully and eloquently her figure explains, and pleads for the helpless decrepitude of age! In the Babel confusion of our fashionable world, this beautifully arranged contrast of nature, the effect of which no one who has ever seen it can forget, does not exist. Before the hair has grown really gray—before time has imparted to it even its autumnal tint, it is artfully replaced by dark flowing locks, obtained by every revolting contrivance. The grave itself is attacked—our living dowagers of the present day do not hesitate to borrow their youthful ornaments even from the dead—and to such a horrid extreme has fashion encouraged this unnatural propensity, that even the carcase of the soldier, who has fallen in a foreign land, and who—

—— leaving in battle no blot on his name
Looks proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame—

has not been respected! One would think that the ribands and honors on his breast, flapping in the wind, would have scared even the vulture from such prey; but no! the orders which the London dentist has received must, he pleads, be punctually executed; and it is a revolting fact, but too well known to 'the trade,' that many, and many, and many a set of teeth which bit the dust of Waterloo, have by an untimely resurrection, appeared again on earth, smiling lasciviously at Almack's ball! So much for what is termed Fashion.

DR CHALMERS AS A PREACHER.

From an article in the last number of the Biblical Repository, by Mr. Sam'l G. Brown, Andover.

The manner of Dr. Chalmers, like every thing else about him, is peculiar. His face, before he speaks, looks long and dull, but as he rises, it shortens, and is lighted up till it glows with animation and earnestness. His accent is the broad Scotch, and in the delivery of his sermons, his body is bent forward over the pulpit, his right hand strongly grasping his white handkerchief is constantly occupied in one vehement up-and-down gesture, while his left, placed upon the paper, carefully follows the lines; as it were holding the iron while he strikes. So intensely is he engaged, that his voice often rises almost to a scream, and breaks, and with the perspiration rolling from his forehead, he is sometimes so exhausted as to be obliged to rest, and even to give out a few verses of a hymn to be sung. The pause however seems only to increase the already excited interest of his hearers, instead of diminishing it. When he delivered his astronomical discourses in the Tron church at Glasgow, not only the church, but, (which was a very uncommon circumstance,) the street even to its opposite side, was crowded. A slight circumstance shows his power over his audience. Owing to a prevalence of asthmatic complaints among the inhabitants of the west of Scotland, there is usually in their assemblies a good deal of coughing, but the commencement of his speaking is a signal for the hearers to repress the tendency, to hold their breath, until a pause in the discourse frees them from the restraint, and gives opportunity to relieve their bursting lungs. As he speaks again, there is again silence, to be interrupted in the same way at the next pause.

There is great sympathy between the preacher and all his hearers, of whatever rank or condition; and when he descends from the pulpit they flock around him, to press his hand and receive his kind inquiries.

With this notice of his manner, meagre indeed when we long for so much more, when we long ourselves to hear him, to catch his eye, to feel his inspiration, to shake his hand, we proceed to suggest the few thoughts which have occurred to us on his characteristics as a preacher.

The first characteristic of his sermons, which we will mention, is *their unity*. His text suggests one main idea, and he is betrayed by no love of display, compelled by no lack of thought, to drag in a score of other subjects, to excite the admiration of his hearers, or eke out the discourse.

Lord Lyttleton, the younger, in giving a humorous account of *Parson Adams*, makes him dsscribe one of his sermons in these words. 'It was the best discourse I had to my back. It was divided into three parts; the first was taken from Clarke, the second from Abernethy, and the third was composed by myself; and the two practical observations were translated from a Latin sermon, preached and printed at Oxford in the year of our Lord 1735. It had four beginnings and seven conclusions; by the help of which, I preached it, with equal success, on Christmas day, for the benefit of a charity, at a florists' feast, an assize, an archdeacon's visitation, and a funeral, besides common occasions.' There have been preachers, of whose sermons, this would hardly be an exaggerated description, but Dr Chalmers is not one of them. His discourses were just the opposite of this. He never borrowed, never rambled. It could never be said of him, that 'his text would suit any sermon, and his sermon any text.' Every sermon is individual, and complete. Does he preach from the words, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them?' he confines himself to the 'Great Christian law of reciprocity between man and man.' Does he introduce as his subject, the love of money? then he preaches on the love of money. Some preachers with bewildered, or weak, or deranged minds, have viewed every possible shade of Christian privilege or duty, every doctrine or precept, every song, every prophecy, every historic record, in the blazing light of some single truth, which to them has seemed the foundation, and corner stone, and top stone, of orthodoxy. One such we remember, with whom original sin was the grand hobby. Not a sermon did he preach, in his latter years, which did not body forth in outlines dim or distinct, the favorite doctrine. If he announced his subject as the atonement, or the perseverance of the saints, or election, or regeneration, he concluded alike with original sin. Whether the occasion was fast or thanksgiving, the duties of the Sabbath or a weekly lecture, national calamities or a private funeral, his thoughts gradually inclined from the chosen theme, till they flowed easily in the deeply worn channel.

In Adam's fall
We sinned all,

might have been his universal text, as it was, in the main, the burden of his discourses. Far otherwise did Dr Chalmers preach. His subjects were as various as his sermons, and when he had said all he wished on the chosen *one*, he ended. He preached not because 'he wanted to say something, but because he had something to say.'

His manner of developing a subject is peculiar. He frequently omits all numerical heads, or introduces them with as little abruptness as possible. Perhaps he thought these angles and projections to fasten attention upon, too little consistent with the flowing line of beauty. Perhaps he thought that, following nature, the skeleton should be as much as possible concealed by the soft and fair flesh, instead of standing out, lean-ribbed, sharp-jointed and spare. Indeed he does not lay out the subject upon the table, and like the anatomical demonstrator, with scalpel and forceps, coldly dissect away the integuments, and show you the nerves, and heart, senseless and lifeless. No such work of death is his. The heart he shows is beating with strong pulsations, full of life and feeling. His breath is the breath of life, and he breathes it into every truth he touches, and you see the form grow and expand, as life would naturally expand it. The mere acorn you behold at first, and he unfolds the spreading oak which was so curiously wrapped up in the acorn, just as the rain and the sunshine would unfold it, till you can lean against it, and rest under its shade. And as we have said without metaphor, it is the oak which he unfolds. He does not weave the ivy among its branches, though the sight would be beautiful, nor plant in its top the parasitic misletoe, though a druid might therefore worship at its foot.

Perhaps no sermon will afford a better illustration of many of the foregoing remarks, than that on the text, 'Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.' According to the preacher's interpretation of this verse, our obligation to do for our neighbor is exactly equal to our *wish* that he should do for us. All things whatsoever ye *would* that men should do to you, *do* ye even so to them. Do you covet half your neighbor's fortune? you are bound by the Christian law of reciprocity, to give him half of yours. Do you wish to burden him with the support of your family? you are bound to support his to an equal extent. But does not this prostrate the whole system of social intercourse? This is the law and the prophets. Is there then no means left by which we may escape the loss of our possession? There is but one, and that quite as simple as the command. You must confine your wishes within proper limits. You must love your neighbor as yourself. The more selfish you are, the tighter does this law bind you. The more you grasp after, the more you must give. If on the contrary, you wish nothing from others, neither, as far as this precept is concerned, are you required to bestow any thing upon them. If your desires are neither selfish nor ungenerous, neither will the obligation of this precept bind hard upon you. If you would not burden others, you need not be burdened yourself. 'Moderate,' he says, 'your own desires of service from others, and you will moderate in the same degree, all your duties of service to others, which are measured by these desires.' 'The commandment is quite imperative, and there is no escaping from it: and if a man by the excess of his selfishness should render it impracticable, then the whole punishment due to the guilt of casting aside the authority of this commandment, follows in that train of punishment which is annexed to selfishness. There is one way of being relieved from such a burden. There is one way of reducing this verse to a moderate and practicable requirement, and that is just to give up selfishness, just to stifle all ungenerous desires, just to moderate every wish of service or liberality from others, down to the standard of what is right and equitable.' This rule the preacher applies to the rich and the poor, teaching the former to be generous, and the latter not to be rapacious.

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